# Oriental Play Dazzles Spectacle Is Gorgeous

DOROTHY JARDON IN "THE WEDDING TRIP."



eginald de Koven Returns to the "Glimpses of Broadway" With a Pretty and Piquant Operetta.

## By Vanderheyden Fyles

\*EW YORK, Jan. appropriately, the Yulctide season has ushered in two gorgeously spectacular picture-book plays-a new one no an old one; and just as the for-ber has weathered many Christes, to the delight of thousands housands, so, surely, will the Of William Young's dramatic

two of "Ben Hur." with its baland its race, its heroism and its
mying spirit of religious fervor,
the is nothing new to be raid
attybody has seen it—which is just
teason why everyone must see
tain, and yet again. After sevyears' absence, it has returned
broadway, with a new and rich
atture, modeled on the old. LT "Kismet" is a new subject-

and in 1920, if I am anything and in 1920. If I am anything a prophet, it will be still a curted above the indeed, the newest mental melodrama is a case of prophety made easy, so numerals are its elements of popular appeal. Like two earlier vast and abovy dramas of the season. The argent of Allah" and "Around the Weld" it will be attracting crowds ag after the snow we didn't have for Christmas has come and gone and sean forgotten; and like them, too, it is a great, big, brightly-colored pletter-book, animated into life and mayement. The Mary Anderson fams from the Robert Hichens novel sewilders us with unforgettable views" of the desert, informing us he while with pulsating Roman Catholic earlissy; while the Hippodome speciacle takes us merrily, but be usefully and instructively, on a wild four of the world.

But "Examet" is pure fantasy. It is an Arabian Nights tale brought if the of, I should say a series of them, for each some is an adventure a tiself, and we feel that the Begrar Haji vectorialy was as lurid as the teday we see, and the temorrow that it is the cycle of a single day? The sun rises and reveals the ragged and diseputable Haji sitting on his spectral beggar's-stone before the longue of Carpenters, the dark night a prophet, it will be still a cur-

FIRST TIME

closes all about, and we leave Haji once more tattered and a hypocrite, anivelling in the same spot of the Bagdad gutter.

BUT. Allah, what world of thrilling happenings intervene! Continually in mortal danger four distinually in mortal danger four dis-tinct times during that one day Hajj escapes death by a very hair's breadth; and, moreover, his treas-ured daughter is rescued from a more appalling calamity by as narrow a margin, only to find herself present-ly the happiest and foremost lady of all Bagdad. But let us turn the pages of the bewildering picture book one by one, and allow the marvelous adventures to unfold them-selves before us.

book one by one, and allow the marvelous adventures to unfold themselves before us.

Among the mighty and the lowly who, at dawn, pass into the mosque is the old sheik, Jawan, who, years ago, stole Halfs wife. The beggar predicts that the old man will find a long-lost son, but spurns the bag of gold flung at him for the welcome prophecy. On second thoughts, he takes the gold, though denying having done so to a confederate in the trick; and thereupon sets forth to array himself with splendor, bathe himself in spices and perfumes, and disport himself as a bersonage. Yet Half cannot quite bring himself to buy the garments. Involving rival shopkcepers, previously fast friends, in an uproarious street brawl, he gets away with all the embroideries and silks he wants, without paying for them.

THE next turn of the page introduces us to the pretty, restful, walled-in garden in which the beg-gar's lovely daughter dwells, hencath the moulted wing of her haggard nurse. The girl is fluttering in the gentle cestasy of a truly story-book romance—the vonthful, ondent calling of Bagdad loves her honorably and ardently, though prefending to be the humble son of a gardener. Believing the inseen wood's state no greater, listly is enraged, but at the moment is apprehended by officers of the law-led on by the cheated merchants—and dragged away to be cast before the all-powerful wazir. Mansur, From this point on events increase in terror, pleturesqueness and the familiar than the sword carrier, a watchtil, silent black man, gilstening in the curves walled-in garden in which the begand muscles of his naked, shiny body, and he is himself a villain among villains. Fearing exposure by the new and noble callph, Mansur bribes Haji to murder that young potentate, of-fering a reward of wealth, position and his promise to marry Haji's daughter.

H Add'S unsuccessful attempt to kill the youthful callph forms a gorgeous page of animated picture, the audience-hall of the decamble palace being allive with dancers, with sparsety-dressed Egyptian stave girls and leweled gentlemen. Entiring the young monarch from his throne by interesting tricks of magic the beggar is dismayed when his murder-ous knife breaks, against a hidden coat of armor. His patron thereupon repudiates the criminal bargain and lanji is cast into a filthy dungeon. Presently, however, through the dimilight of that hole, Hally makes out the identity of his fellow-trisoner. It his ancient enough, the Shelk Larwani Affer bitter. Orients, Hall finally breaks the chain that hinds him to the silmy wall and, crossing to the paralyzed old man, chokes the last flicker of life out of him. But through the small herred window the metting sum is visible. Hally day is nearly over,—and, Allah he merciful, his daughter must be, by this time, in the clutches of the sensual Mansuri. Donning the garments of the nurdered shelk, Hall effects his escape, kicking the corpse as he goes out and spitting on it. What an unrelenting old wretch Hall is: Yet, how engaging with his wit, his cunning and his recklessnes. gargeous page of animated picture.

A NOTHER turn of the illustrated off our teel by the tensest adventure of the day. The scene is the baren baths. Haif has gained access to that opplent Oriental apartment through the chief wife's admiration for him. He accomplishes the rescue of his daughter by means of that same woman's belousy of the girl-who has displaced her in the desires of the wazir. Now, one purpose only occupies the crafty Hajf he must kill the would-be despoiler of his home, his daughter, and himself Still dressed in the garments of the murdered shelk, he discovers that a broken amulet just fits the other half which hangs about the wazir's neck. That identifies the latter as the old shelk's son. So it is not difficult for Haif to pass himself off as the futher. And grim indeed is the speciacle of the doomed man kneeling low and reverently before his assassing. Old Haif enjoys the situation, and takes his time to draw his kaife and select the exact spot in the wazir's back in which to sheath it. Having plunged the blade in deep, the ancient Haif grasps the youth by the throat and flings him in a pool, haughing at the gurglings and struggles of his victim. And even when the body has supak for the last time, the old scalawag counts the final bubbles on the surface of the clear pool, as the dead eyes glare up at him from the bottom. A NOTHER turn of the illustrated

SPACE forbids a just celebration of the beauties of the vast production—of picture, play or player; and if I have wanted until now to mention that the drama is the work of Edward Knoblauch, it is only in the hope of first suggesting how much the public has fo thank him for. It is indeed a pleasure to proclaim so bold and so complete a success for a new author—and especially an American. Mr. Knoblauch, another of the growing school of Harvard dramatists, has been writing for the stage for many years, but only playe in which he was unimportantly concerned had reached the stage until a year ago, when William Paversham introduced "The Faun." Presently "Kismet" was revealed in London, where its success was (and is) exceptional.

Though admirable in the chief role, Otis Skinner bardly dominates the entertainment with the fire, broadth and unction which Oscar Asche employs in London; and the young womain who plays his daughter is wholly lacking in the beauty of Lily Brayton (Mrs. Asche), and supplies a barely adequate amount of histrionic talent to justify her importation. But these slight bluntings of the London "points" are of small moment in a success so general and exceptional. It is the story and the senercy, the engaging old arch villain Haji, and the kaleidoscopic crowds, that America will want to see—and, when having seen them, will be well satisfied.

IF Reginald de Koven's latest op-SPACE forbids a just celebration

IF Reginald de Koven's latest op-I F Reginald de Koven's latest operetta did not give me so much
pleasure as to make bad temper impossible in connection with it. I
should become quite snarly at the
critics who have guished over it. As
I say, I am "all with 'em' on the
gush: but must a whole class of entertainment be spar upon because one
likes another class? That is, more
succinctly—why need one drag in
sneers and Jeers at the "Banalites,"
etc. of modern musical-comedy, in
order to extel operetra. Cannot one
enjoy good music without being overcome by one's superiority and rightcousness? But no champons of
"The Wedding Trip' have felt constrained to drag out all their old
purases about the degeneracy of
Broadway taste, and so on—which
reminds me gleefully of the reviews
of "The Little Duchess." Every musical critic in New York bewalled the
fact that Reginald de Koven should
stoop to write for an Anna Held
show, and they were as one man in
saying that the whole store contained only one song worthy of him.
That ballad, I need only add, was an
interpolation "Violets," by Ellen
Wright!
Having got that kick "off my

wright!
Having got that kick 'off my chest." I may say freely that I enjoyed every moment of "The Wedding Trip." and that you will be making a serious mistake if you miss it when it reaches you. In the meanthme, I suggest you get a score—if. The significance of the "If" is the degree of your musical ability; for Mr de Koven has let himself go into some pretty pretentious flights. And much of the music's charm would, I famey, vanish if detached from its context. The piece is real operatis in that authors and composer have worked as one, much in the model of Gilbert and Sullivan. That is, perhaps, best illustrated in the chief song of the play. It starts early in the first act, but is not finished until the very last part of the third.

A young couple, you must know, are on their honeymoon trip. What more natural than that they should want to sing a duet? But do the other characters and clorus let them?

No, indeed, every time they start.

someone interrupts a bust-body baritone or a cocky contralto, or a Whole Damn Chorus. And this not only makes for melodious variety, but feases us into a desire to hear more than the first bars of the honey-momens' walts.

Being a corale opera, 'The Wedding Trip' has brigands and twin brothers. I suppose that is why it indicates superiority to express one's admiration of it by tilling up one's nose at a Lew Fields show, although I must admit I cannot recall any one of them in which a bulmatian brigand, seriously presented, study his dialogue with 'Quit your joshing' and the like.

B'T now I'm getting fretful; and mean only to tell you how delightful "The Wedding Trip" is. The book is by Fred de Gresac (Madayre Victor Mauret) and Harry E Smith, and carries a bridal couple through an annesing and consistent series of interruptions. The groom is afraid of only two things, brigands and women so he is, of course, surrounded by both. He is John J. McCloskey of "Alma" resoluction, and is most agreeable when he sings his troubles. Earsty have so many good male voices been assembled in a single cast; and so the announcement is most welcome that the company is to be held logether permanently, in the manner of the Hostonians. With that hope I may mention that Edward Martindell, an admirable singer, a very handsome figtion that Edward Martindell an ad-mirable singer, a very bandsome fig-ure and a deffly humorous actor, cast for a Gilbertian bandit, who is a philanthropist and a strater of wives, who thereupon refuse to be returned to their husbands is per-haps most praiseworthy in an or-ganization that includes Dorothy Morton, Dorothy Jardon, Christine Nellson, Arthur Cunningham and Joseph Phillips.

William Boyle and the late
John M. Synge hold high places in the estimation of the directors of the Irish National theater, and so there is something fitting in the fact that two of their best-known plays should be revealed to New York for the first time in a single and exclusive bill. Still, however much "The Mineral Workers." Mr. Boyle's attenuated comedy, may be admired in Dublin, it could hardly hope for many audiences over here. It is as local in interest as in scene, being the sketchy story of a young Irishman who returns from America to his birthplace among poor said ignorant farmers and who, desiring to onen up an iron mine for the benefit of his neighbors onite as much as for himself, finds his progressive methods balked at every turn. "Science," says one conservative son of the soil, "is the new St. Patrick." However, we are glud fac go-shead young engineer does run into preventive block-heads, for in this dull distrust in everything progressive lies the humor of the play, and, therefore, an acceptable raison d'etre for its slender three acts. WILLIAM BOYLE and the late

If "The Mineral Workers" is too long, "Riders to the Sea" certainly sems too short. But then, would one ever willingly cease listening to Dynge's beguilful prose poetry intoned like music by the gentle Irish volces? "Riders to the Sea" is a sad, lovely trifle. An old liftsh woman, though the fifth woman, it is a sad lovely trifle. An old liftsh woman, though with her daughters and her one remaining son, in a cottage on one of the Aran Islands, off the west coast of Ireland, is making a sort of chant over the death of her fifth boy in the merciless sea. And now her sixth and last is about to cross it, leading his gray horse to the fair. On the back of that steed the mother thinks site sees her fifth son riding silently to the sen that claimed him. She atcepts the vision as an omen, and so when her last boy is brought back drowned, she is not surprised. But she finds a melancholy consolation in the belief that her shattered old bear is now so interfy broken that she will not survive her dead son long. And so we have her, croaning over the loss of the last. "Barley will have a fine coffin out of white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied." F "The Mineral Workers" is too

### DRAMATIC NEWS AND COMMENT

(Continued From Preceding Page.)

Salt Lake he learned in some manner the principle of the cantilever, and so he built above its oval-shaped walls

so he built above its oval-shaped walls an oval-shaped roof that had no support other than the walls themselves.

This great anditorium, still in many respects the greatest in the world, possessed that which all other architects sought in vain, absolutely perfect acousties.

Every sound, no matter how faint, is perfectly audible to every person in it, whether the hall be empty, partially or entirely filled with people.

Ile employed a double quartette of solo singers he brought from England. He also employed an orchestra of forty musicians and added to this was a chorus eventually brought up to a numerical strength of 500 voices, skillfully and patiently trained

Patti once remarked to me that the Salt Lake tabernacle was as easy

the Salt Lake tabernacle was as easy to sing in as any parlor.

"What wonder, then, in his effort to enlivate his people, that, codtemporaneously with the building of his tabernacle, or nearly so, was the building of the great Salt Lake theater. At the time of its ecection it was not surpassed in magnitude, completeness and equipment by any other existing house.

How well the structural work How well the structural work was performed is given fine evidence by the fact that both the tabernacle

was performed is given the evidence by the fact that both the tabernacle and theater still sland and are in perfect condition.

"At the first opening night (of the theater) the programme began with a prayer by Daniel II. Wells. Then followed an address by President Brigham Young, who took for his theme. The Capacity of the Human Body and Mind for Development.

"The Capacity of the Human Body and Mind for Development." The Pride of the Market' was presented by the Descret Dramatic association.

"At the second performance on Saturday night this play was repeated, together with the popular farce 'Stage Secrets.' It is interesting to note that of the theaters existing in America at that time all have massed away with the exception of the Walaut Street, Philadelphia; Holliday Street, Baltimore; the Howard Athenanu, Boston, and the Sayannah, Georgia.

Boston, and the Savannah, Georgia,

Baltimore: the Howard Athenenia. Beston, and the Savannah. Georgia, theater.

"So great was the success of these opening performances, and so convinced became President Young of the efficiency of the members of the company, that he sent for the cannent American tragedian. Thomas A. Lynne, to come to Sait Lake and act as instructor to the company. Some tears later he also secured the services, as dramatic instructor, of George Fauncefort, a listinguished English actor; and under the tutelage of these two men the company made rapid strides, and were soon giving performances of great finish. Whenever a voing man or a voing woman evinced any real talent for the stage that were placed in the hands of the instructor for its development, and therefore, and intermediate points 10 p. m. Ogden and intermediate points 20 p. m. Ogden San Francisco and west 4:55 p. m. Park City and intermediate. 20 p. m. Ogden San Francisco and west 4:55 p. m. Park City and intermediate. 20 p. m. Ogden San Francisco and west 4:55 p. m. Park City and intermediate. 20 p. m. Ogden San Francisco and west 4:55 p. m.

of these two men the company made rapid strides, and were soon giving performances of great finish. Whenever a voing man or a voing woman evinced any real talent for the stage they were placed in the hands of the instructor for its development, and they were given their turn at displaying themselves in the theater.

"Brigham Young, himself, was ardently devoted to the theater, and especially to plays of amusing char and the stricts of the province of the company of the stricts of t

acter. On the opening night he said:

'If I had my way, I would never have a tragedy played on these boards. There is chough of tragedy in every day life, and we ought to have amuse ment when we come here:

'Brigham Young was a splendid freman about the theater, and took every pessible precaution against fire. Once, when George Francis Train was delivering a lecture in the theater, and took or three of the coal oil footlights began to smoke and fare. He stepped quietly out of the stage box, strolled over to the lump, and, with his broad-brimmed hat, wasted out the light and returned to his box without any remark.

'Thomas A Lwane-was the first star to appear at the Salt Lake theater, in the play 'Virginiua.' Mr. and Mrs. Selden Irwin appeared in November, 1863, in 'The Lady of Lvons,' and remained, playing twice a week, until the following April (Goorge Pannecfort and Florence Bell were the stars from July, 1864, to January, 1865, and played were yricquently.)

\*\*ROBERT B.\*\* MANTELL\*\*

Management of William A. Brady.

In A REPERTOIRE OF SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS. the greatest stars of the country at that time, played very frequently throughout the season of 1865-1866. . . .

The local company continued in existence until May, 1875, playing regularly their own productions, excepting at such times as when they supported stars who passed through Salt Lake crossing the continent. Among them were E. L. Davenport and his wife, Charles W. Couldock and daughter, Amy Stone, James Stark, A. R. Phelps, Mmc, Scheller, Annette Inca and Neil Warner.

"My first visit to Salt Lake was in 1869, on my way to California, and my acquaintance with the Salt Lake theater, its people and association has

theater, its people and association has always been of the most pleasant character. I found its management ever liberal and scrupulous to the last de-gree, fulfilling every obligation of gree, fulfilling every obligation of their contract without question or de-mur, never seeking by any form of evasion or advantage to deprive me or any of my attractions of a penny due them. them.

"I find peculiar pleasure in referring specifically to one old member of the Salt Lake Theater company, born November, 1848, at the foot of the Wasatch mountains, near Salt Lake City, in a log hut in which buffalo hides were the doors and windows, She hides were the doors and windows, She grew up as a girl in Salt Lake City, and mule her debut on the stage of the Salt Lake theater on August 25, 1865, as Grace Otis, in 'The People's Lawyer,' since which time she has been identified and revered by all stage folk. This was Mrs. Asenath Kiskadden (Mrs. Annie Adams). She has her replica in her daughter, Maude Adams, the idol of the English-speak-ing stage. She now lives in Sult-Lake, appearing occasionally with a stock company playing there. She stock company playing there. She makes her home with her mother, who makes her home with her mother, who is \$4 years of age, and says that she hopes to continue her work agen unto the second childhood perfol. 2 "In the middle of the '90's the Walker brothers, merculants and bankers, built a handsome modern theater. The Walker operations was

never very successful, from lack of at-tractions. Soon after the house was opened the Walker Brothers offered me the house rent free if I would assume its management and supply it with attractions. There were several reasons why I felt that I could not avail myself of their generous offer. The first was that I had always been treated so were always and had such a great personal fairly and hal such a great personal admiration for the administration of the Salt Lake theater that I could not

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